

In Memoriam.

SERMON AND ORATION,

WITH THE PROCEEDINGS OF

Protection Lodge No. 28, F. O. O. F., N. H.

IN COMMEMORATION OF

COL. ISAAC M. TUCKER.

Who fell at the Battle of Gaines' Mills, before Richmond,
June 27, 1862.



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In Memoriam.

SERMON AND ORATION:

Sermon Preached by E. R. Craven, D. D.

IN THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

JULY 20, 1862,

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF COL. I. M. TUCKER, 2D REG'T N. J. VOLS., WHO
FELL AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES' MILLS, BEFORE RICHMOND, JUNE 27, 1862.

Oration delivered by Bro. John H. Foster,

ON INVITATION OF

PROTECTION LODGE No. 28. I. O. O. F.

In 3d Pres. Church, Newark, N. J., July 29, 1862,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH OF P. G. REPRESENTATIVE ISAAC M. TUCKER,
COL. 2D REG'T N. J. VOLS., AND A MEMBER OF SAID LODGE.

NEWARK, N. J.

PUBLISHED BY PROTECTION LODGE NO. 28 I. O. O. F.

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Dr. Craven's Sermon.

II. SAMUEL, 1: 25-26.

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! Oh! Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places; I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

These words, form a portion of David's lament, when he heard the sad news of the death of his friend Jonathan. That noble young man—the pride of his nation, whom in the beginning of his lament, the Psalmist styled "the beauty of Israel"—went forth with his father to do battle in a holy cause, even the defence of his country. But God smiled not on the hosts of the chosen people, even though they were defending the right, against unrighteous enemies; and soon the fearful news reached the ears of the absent David, of disaster and defeat—to him, aggravated by the fact that his friend, in the last struggle, when striving to turn the tide of victory against the foe, had fallen upon the heights of Gilboa. The sad lament of which the text forms a part—one of the saddest—one of the sweetest—one of the most touching ever penned by man—was deserved by Jonathan at the hands of his friend, for he was a noble man—he had died in a noble cause—he had died nobly.

But a few days ago, and the bruit of battle was borne to our ears. With it came the whisper of disaster; that whisper began to deepen in intensity—it soon became like the roar of the tempest, and thundered in our ears that thousands of the beauty of America were lying cold and dead in the lowlands and on the high-places of Virginia. Amongst the names of those who had fallen, we heard that of one well known in this community—in this sanctuary, the name of one respected by all—loved by many—a leader in the host—the leader of one of our own loved regiments. You well know to whom I refer—to Col. ISAAC M. TUCKER—one of our

own-number. Col. Tucker was one for whom I entertained something of the feelings entertained by David for Jonathan. He was my respected friend—endeared to me by long and pleasant acquaintance, and by many kind offices. Concerning him I can truly take up the words of David—"I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me." It is fitting that I, his friend and pastor—in this sanctuary where he so long and constantly worshipped—should pay my tribute of respect to his memory. It is fitting that here I should address words of consolation to his bereaved family; that here I should use the sad occasion of his death to give instruction to you who knew him, who loved him, who respected him.

I. Concerning our departed friend, I remark, in the first place, that like Jonathan, he was a *noble man*. Like the Prince of Israel, he formed a part of what is fitly styled "the beauty" of his people. I hazard nothing in saying that he was one of the foremost young men of our land.

He was of a fine and commanding personal appearance—intellect was throned upon his brow; frankness and generosity were stamped upon his features; his smile was cheerful and winning; his manners genial. Nor did the outward appearance belie the man—he *was* what he seemed to be.

His *intellect* was of no common order. This no one could doubt who had ever listened to his conversation or read his letters. His perceptions were quick—his powers of observation singularly extensive—his judgment sound—his reasoning powers at once acute and strong—his taste exquisite. No better proof of remarkable intellectual powers can or need be given than the presentation of the main facts of his life. Having but few advantages of early education; passing the first years of his life—until he had attained his majority—as an apprentice, and a few following years in an engrossing business; he, by his own almost unaided efforts, before he reached the age of thirty-four years, had acquired an excellent general and legal education, and had become an accomplished and powerful writer. At the age of thirty-four, he was admitted to the bar of this his native State; he at once took an unusually high position for one just entering on the

practice of his profession—a position which he continued to hold and advance during the three years of his professional life.

His *affections* were strong and ardent. Though not demonstrative, he was a deeply affectionate husband and son and father. His impulses were generous—he was ever ready to make any sacrifice or to perform any labor for a friend. By nature he was an enthusiast—his propensity to enthusiasm, however, was in a great measure held in check both by his judgment and the experience derived from his early life and training.

He was a man of *unflinching courage*. I refer not now so much to mere physical insensibility to danger—the meanest of the virtues, if with propriety it can be called a virtue—judging from his physical organization, I should say that he possessed this to a remarkable degree; but I refer not so much to this as to the nobler courage of the soul, which, whilst it perceived and appreciated a threatening danger, can still hold the man calm and unflinching at the cannon's mouth—in the very jaws of death.

He was a man of *principle*. He could be trusted. He had his faults—and who has not—but his was the noble nature that when error was committed, could acknowledge and repair it.

Of his *religious character*, I regret that I cannot speak more particularly than is in my power to do. He was, as you all know, not only a supporter of the gospel, but a regular attendant upon its ministrations. What professed follower of Jesus was more regularly in his seat in the sanctuary? I know that he was a firm believer in the truths of the gospel. During our long intimacy, I had with him several close and particular conversations—especially on the eve of his departure for the seat of war. Nor did our intercourse on this subject cease with his departure—it was continued by letter. He always met me, when I introduced the subject of religion, intelligently—frankly—kindly; with evident interest. He parted from me with the assurance that he would give the subject of his personal interest in Christ his earnest attention—an assurance which he unsolicitedly renewed by letter.

The Chaplain of his regiment, in a letter written to me since his death, bears a testimony precisely similar to my own. He died with the words "My God! My God!" upon his lips. Of the nature and consequences of that cry, we can, in this life, know nothing; but, may we not exercise the trust that it was the publican's cry for mercy? With his father's and his mother's God—for he was a child of the covenant—with hope, we leave him.

Whilst we cannot but regret—nay, mourn deeply—that, during his continuance with us, he was not a professed and decided follower of Jesus; we may say, and say emphatically, that he was one of the flower of our people—the beauty of America—a noble man.

II. I remark, in the second place, that like Jonathan, he died in a *noble cause*. He died in the defence of his country.

The phrase, MY COUNTRY, is one of the most complex—the most inclusive—that can be uttered. It includes the land in which I dwell—the whole land. Each and every section of it. It includes its scenes of beauty and loveliness and grandeur—its lakes—its rivers—its hills—its mountains—its plains—its valleys—its seats of industry—its marts of commerce—its cities—its villages—its hamlets—its well-tilled fields. It includes the graves of my fathers—the house where I was born—the spring at which I drank in childhood—the field over which I sported. It includes the home I have gained for myself—the home of my loved ones. It includes the nation of which I form a part—its grey-headed grandfathers—its strong men—its gentle mothers—its laughing maidens—its crowing infants. It includes my parents—the companion of my bosom—my little ones. It includes the government under which I dwell—which gives me protection—the just and equal laws that government administers. It includes the security—the *sense* of security—the prosperity—the wealth—the happiness—the civil and religious liberty—which I and mine enjoy. It includes not only my well-being at home, but my security—my consideration abroad. It includes the memories, the glories of the past—the prosperity of the present—the hopes of the future. MY COUNTRY! It is the

most precious *earthly* boon which God has given me—which God has given earth. It is the home of freedom; the beacon-light of the oppressed of all nations—of suffering humanity. It is the grandest earthly instrument for the accomplishment of good, the enfranchisement—the evangelization of the nations. Next to the Church, purchased by my Saviour's blood, it is the noblest thing this world contains. Next to the service of Jesus hers is the noblest service in which man can engage. Next to the martyr's death, death for her is the noblest man can die.

In the service of his country—of *our* country—Tucker died. Yes, in *her* service. True, no foreign foe had landed on our shores, but paricidal hands had been reared to dismember the father who begat them—to tear asunder the loving mother from whose bounteous bosom they and we drew life—and with filial love and gratitude he had rushed forward to beat down those impious hands. Verily, it was a noble cause in which he died.

III. I remark, in the third place, that he died *nobly*—as Jonathan died.

He fell like a brave man—at the post of duty—with his front to the foe. He fell cheering on the noble band which each moment was lessening at his side under the fierce and overwhelming attack of a fearfully outnumbering enemy. He fell with the words upon his lips—"MEN! WE MUST STAND AROUND OUR COLORS AND DRIVE THEM BACK." His was not the courage of madness, nor the courage of despair—it was the courage of a brave man who knew his duty and was ready at every hazard to perform it. Brethren, I know it—though few do—that our friend entered upon this war expecting to die. This he implied by word and action when he first informed me that he had volunteered—when he afterwards bade me farewell—and in every letter that he wrote me after his departure. A few intimate friends with whom he freely conversed, witness the same. A mutual friend wrote me that for a few days before the battle in which he fell he was sad—but calm, as though expecting to die, but ready to meet death. A friend who parted with him at the bridge of the Chickahominy, as he was leading his men to the field of blood, perceived the same

sadness—the same calmness. He expected to die—and yet was calm.

“So marched he *calmly* to that field,
Thence never to return;
Save bearing back the Spartan shield.
Or on it proudly borne.”

Under a withering cross-fire—with but four companies struggling against the attack of a regiment, “he dressed his men as calmly as though at evening parade”—and nobly fell. Even in the agonies of death, he could think of others. He bade those who were bearing him from the field, to lay him down and save themselves. And then, with the words “My God! My God!” upon his lips, he gave up his spirit to his Maker. The death became the man and the cause—he nobly died.

To those bereaved, I cannot here—in the glare of day—before the multitude—speak those words of consolation and instruction which are proper to the private chamber of grief. But, to the mourning, I *can* say, you have the knowledge of what your loved one *was*—the knowledge of the noble cause in which he labored, and in which he died; the memory of these things is a priceless treasure—it will increase in value as the years roll on. I can say, that in your grief you have the sympathy of all—of all who knew him—of this whole community—of all true hearts in the nation for whose welfare he died. Above all, I can say, that you have the sympathy of Jesus—the friend of the sorrowing. You have the sympathy of him who came to earth that he might sympathize—that sympathizing, he might speak a word in season to him that is weary. You have the sympathy of Him who was himself a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—of Him whose heart knew bereavement—of Him, who though now exalted up on high (and therefore able to help) still bears for the suffering a brother’s heart. It is my privilege and my duty, also, to say, that your FATHER hath smitten you. He ever chastiseth His children in love—for their profit that they may become partakers of His holiness. See that ye despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when ye are rebuked of Him.

To you, who sympathize with this mourning family, I now turn.

The cause in which our friend perished is a *noble* cause. Dying in it, and as he died, he claims your respectful remembrance. Above his grave should be reared the monument which we accord to heroes; and, by the side of that monument, we and, our children should stand with uncovered heads and speak with bated breath.

The cause in which he perished is *our* cause—the cause of *our* country—the cause of all the interests enwrapped in that pregnant phrase “our country;” he deserves our lasting gratitude.

Nay, more—I should be false to myself—false to you—false to my country—false to my God, did I here stop. The cause for which he died—the cause of *our* country—that cause so dear to him, to you, to humanity, is still in danger—it is even now trembling on the verge of ruin. He is no safe counsellor who says otherwise. It may—humanly speaking—be saved; but it can be saved only by toil and sweat and blood—it can be saved only by the putting forth of all the power, the taxing of all the energies of the Republic. The blood of thousands of your brethren calls upon you—not for vengeance—no not for vengeance—for it is written “Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord.” Another cry comes up from the highlands and lowlands of Virginia, of Kentucky, and of Tennessee. The cry comes to you. Will you let us die in vain? Will you suffer the blood we have shed to be of no avail toward accomplishing the end for which we shed it? Will you permit that glorious cause for which we died—*our* cause—*your* cause—the cause of *freedom*—the cause of *humanity*—the cause of *God*—to go down in darkness?

What is your answer? Fathers! Mothers! will ye hold back your sons? The tears of thousands of parents shed over the bodies of their sons slain *for you*, will cry shame upon you. Wives! will ye hold back your companions? The tears of unnumbered widows shed over husbands slain for your benefit, will cry Shame upon you. MEN—*young* men—will you hold back? The blood of your brethren, enriching the plains and hill sides of the South, will cry shame upon you. Hark!—a cry comes to you from every grave, filled by a patriot slain.

Will you let us die in vain? In vain, indeed, we die, if we have fruitlessly perished in the cause of dastards who dare not emulate our example; who will put forth no effort to perfect for themselves that which we have commenced for them.

Young men, I do not say that it is the duty of all whom I address to leave the delights of home and go forth to brave the dangers of the battle-field. Well do I know that it is the duty of some to remain at home; but, as well do I know that it is the duty of some to go. It forms no part of my duty to declare how many shall go—or who shall go. The question—"shall I go?" each individual must answer for himself. My brother, in the light of God's word and providences, with prayer for the illumination of the spirit, seek thou the answer to that question; or rather, seek thou the answer to that other question—shall I stay at home? If duty point thee to the field of battle, go forth! go forth, as went our friend, bravely—calmly—resigned to die, if need be, in thy country's cause. Go forth as a Christian, seeking, first of all and above all things the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; that, if thou survive the contest, it may be not only to enjoy the *temporal* fruits of thy labors, but to fulfil the highest duty of a freeman—even the faithful service of thy God; that, if thou fall, it may be, not only to live in the grateful remembrance of thy people, but also to live forever in the glorious presence of that God whom, in serving thy country, thou didst faithfully serve.

PROCEEDINGS

TAKEN BY

Protection Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F.

CONCERNING THE DEATH OF P. G. REP. ISAAC M. TUCKER,

A MEMBER OF SAID LODGE.

At a regular meeting of the Lodge, held July 14, 1862., P. G. Master James D. Cleaver offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, There no longer remains any reasonable doubt as to the death of our esteemed Brother, Past Grand Representative ISAAC M. TUCKER, Col. 2nd Regiment, N. J. Vol., who fell at the battle of Gaines' Mills, on the 27th day of June last, while bravely rallying his troops around the Regimental Colors—therefore be it

Resolved, That a Committee of five members be appointed to prepare an expression of the feelings of this Lodge, in view of this sad event.

Resolved, That a Committee, consisting of all the Past Grands of this Lodge, be appointed to make arrangements for a public demonstration in memory of the brave soldier who has thus cheerfully given up every interest, and even his life, a willing sacrifice upon his country's altar. Said demonstration to consist of a funeral Oration or other appropriate services, becoming the solemn occasion."

The Committee—Past Grands Cleaver, Douglas, Ross, Force and Stainsby—appointed under the first resolution, reported, at the next meeting of the Lodge, July 21, 1862, the following, which was adopted with great unanimity:

To the Officers and Members of Protection Lodge, No. 28, I. O. O. F., of Newark, N. J.

BROTHERS:

Your Committee appointed to prepare an expression of the feelings of this Lodge respecting the death of our esteemed

friend and brother, P. G. ISAAC M. TUCKER, would respectfully report, and recommend the adoption, of the following

MEMORIAL AND RESOLUTIONS.

Brother ISAAC M. TUCKER, the subject of this paper, was initiated into the I. O. O. F. in this Lodge on the 11th day of March, 1846.

He was installed Financial Secretary on the 1st day of July, 1846.

He was installed Recording Secretary on the 1st day of October, 1846, and continued therein until September 1, 1847, when he resigned the position.

On the 16th day of December, 1850, he took a card of clearance, having removed to Richmond, Virginia, and engaged in business there.

In 1851 he returned to this city, and on the 8th day of September of that year, he again deposited his card with this Lodge, and gladly renewed his old associations: taking a deep and lively interest in the welfare of this particular Lodge, and of the Order generally.

He was installed V. G. on the 5th day of January, 1852: and passed the Chair of the N. G. with the term ending December 27th, 1852.

On the 3rd day of January, 1853, he was again installed Recording Secretary, and served in that capacity during the whole of that year.

On the 9th day of January, 1855, he was appointed by the N. G., to the important position of C., and continued to hold the place, under the appointment of successive Noble Grands, for three consecutive terms.

He was, on the 3d day of July 1854, unanimously elected as the Representative of this Lodge in the R. W. Grand Lodge of this Jurisdiction.

He was elected in 1855, as the Grand Representative of the R. W. G. L. of New Jersey, in the G. L. U. S., for the years 1855 and 1856. He was again elected in 1857, by the R. W. G. Encampment of this State as her Grand Representative in the G. L. U. S., for the years 1857 and 1858. At the Session of the G. L. U. S. held in 1858, he was appointed by Grand

Sire Craighead, as the Grand Marshal of that Grand Body, for the years 1859 and 1860; and in that capacity he had in charge, at the 40th anniversary of the Order, observed in New York City, April 26, 1859, one of the largest processions (composed of one Order alone,) ever seen on this continent. He also attended the Session of the G. L. U. S. for the year 1860, which convened at Nashville, Tennessee; and at which the profuse expressions of love for the Union, uttered by the brethren from the North and South and East and West, gave no cause to suppose how near and fearful was the terrible tempest of death and desolation which since then, has baptized the land in blood and carnage.

This, in brief, is an outline sketch of the history of brother I. M. TRUCKER, in his connection with our Lodge and the Order. It would be profitless to speculate upon what his career might have been, had his life been spared.

But beside these honors conferred upon him by the Order, (and of which it is but simple truth to say, he acquitted himself most admirably, reflecting great credit upon his State, his Lodge and himself,) he was for many years active, zealous and constant in the Lodge, shirking no responsibility, and declining no service that could benefit the brethren.

He was a safe, willing and prudent counselor to any one who went to him for advice—and he had much to do in bringing about that system and method which we are now enjoying, and which was reached only after years of effort and care.

Thus it *hath* been. But now? ah! *now*: how is it?

“It is appointed unto man once to die.”

“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*”

That appointment TRUCKER has met. May God cheer our hearts with the hope that in his hour of mortal agony, his Soul tasted the sweetness of a patriot's death upon the altar of Duty and Country.

For the past year Death has been very busy. Mounted upon the grim chariot of fiercest, civil war, he hath driven over our once peaceful land and reaped a harvest of mortality, enormous in extent. By the fatal breath of his nostrils he hath blasted hecatombs of lives, and reared upon the bloody

gleaning, great fountains of grief, whence shall flow through generations of Life, over myriads of crushed and sorrowful hearts, floods of dark waters, of more than Marah bitterness.

All classes have felt the smiting. In response to the call of a mother's voice, crying for help to redeem her life from the matricidal blows of a portion of her children, there sprang to the nation's aid her loyal sons from every trade and profession. Right gladly and gallantly they went out to defend our political Mother, even at the utter peril of their lives.

How full of danger that duty was, the mute eloquence of an hundred thousand graves of loyal men—of an army of sick and wounded heroes—and of the tens of thousands of smitten hearts, scattered all over our land—can truly testify.

From our own Altar and Lodge-circle there went a score of brave souls, with their lives in their hands, to help make up a living breast-work of gallant manhood with which to stem the mad torrent of Treason, then, and still, setting with the energy of maniac hate against the corner-stones of the National existence; bent on uprooting and annihilating "the Union and the Constitution" of our Fathers, and nullifying and defying "the Government and the Laws," established by "the People," under that Union and that Constitution.

Of that little band who went out from us attended by our best wishes and warmest prayers, and over whose footsteps in the battle-field and the camp, we have ever since kept fraternal watch; we know that, to-night, two are prisoners of war: Another, is at home again, a victim to disease engendered in the malarious atmosphere of peninsular Virginia: Another is also at home; a shattered, torn and mutilated witness, that those who could conspire for the destruction of the best government God ever vouchsafed to man, do not hesitate to pour volley after volley into wounded men being borne from the battle-field in the arms of faithful comrades.

But of that little group who used to minister at our shrine, and who left our peaceful service at the call of duty, there is another:—that other is not now in command of his Regiment; he is not at home on sick leave; nor does he lay bruised and

wounded in some hospital ward; nor is he languishing a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. "Parade" and "drill" for him are no more; the "reveille" will not again break in upon his morning slumber: for him the Master above has sounded the "long-roll," and his soul stands now marshaled on high, where the Lord of Hosts holds grand review.

That other one left us in the very prime of life, and in the strength of glorious health. And now, oh! where now is that out-gushing volume of life, and health, and vigor? Gone, all gone. Withered and blasted within the pestilential swamps of the Chickahominy, surrounded by hundreds of other brave ones who fell, like him, defending our dear old flag, his body is now "mouldering away to join its kindred dust."—No hand of friend was there to bless his mortal remains with decent sepulture, but there where his hard pressed comrades were forced to lay him down to die—there in the bushes, with face up-turned he rests to await the last trump which shall summon quick and dead. Peace to thy ashes, and a brotherly benison be on thee, fallen, but heroic one.

It is fitting that we should "contemplate the scene;" and in preparing this memorial of his virtues and his worth, we should strive to lay to heart "the solemn admonition it affords,—let it sink deep into our hearts." Remembering him, let us ever aim to be in the path of duty: let us try to live, in all things, so that when the enemy assails us (as he surely will)—in whatsoever form he come—we may, like our gallant friend and brother, "rally around our colors and beat him back;" or, failing in that, let us, like him, fall nobly battling for THE RIGHT, with our armor on and faces toward the foe.

Our brother is no more. His bright and genial smile will never again illumine our meetings here: his deep earnestness of manner and impulsive eloquence of voice and gesture will not again, as it has so often in the past, sway the minds and move the hearts of the brethren around this Lodge-room: not again on earth shall we feel the warm grasp of that brotherly hand of his, which, magnetized by one of the truest and tenderest hearts that ever animated human breast, to us has so

many times within these walls been given, in sign and token of greeting or instruction in sweet memento of friendship and covenanted love. "All that remains on earth of him" we now mourn over, is but the "sad memorial of man's mortality—the warm heart that throbbed for others' woes," now lies hushed and pulseless, where his noble soul plumed itself and took flight to God who gave it.

Hard-by, in yonder street, where for so many years he had a pleasant home, a faithful wife and the enshrined memory of a dead but darling child, there now lives a lonely, broken hearted widow—*his* widow—*our* sister. In the noon-day's tide of life, in the solemn, awful stillness of the deep night-watches, that widowed wife paces her desolate chamber, looks out upon the far off stars, looks in upon her own bruised heart, and turns to the picture on the wall of her dead one—and with tearful eyes and tremulous lips, enquires, "*will* he never come back?" "will he *never* come back?" And stars and heart and speechless picture, in measured cadence respond to the agonized question—"never! never! never!"

At *this* hearth-stone, too, oh! brethren of ours, there is a vacant chair—here, as well as yonder, must there for all time remain a void—that picture of his on these walls, whose frame is now so freshly and so doubly draped with the funeral trappings; that picture looks down upon us, to-night, and whispers, responsive to the sighing night-winds and the painful throbbings of *our* hearts—"never! never! never!"

The stern necessities of war deny us the mournful pleasure of seeing his mortal remains committed to the tomb. But we know that his memory is safely enshrined in the repository of our faithful hearts, where we shall ever cherish it, green and blessed: a sanctified treasure, a holy heritage—which shall, to some extent at least, beckon us on toward him; draw us by the sweet compulsion of love, to higher aims and nobler aspirations.

Brave, true, loving, loyal brother of ours! the sacrifice thou didst make was a tremendous one. Thou gav'st up worldly interests, friends, home, wife, a dear son's grave—yes, and life itself, at thy country's call. And as we think of all that thou hast done and suffered, let us reverently invoke thy

spirit to fall upon our hearts now, and baptize them with the noble impulses which made thy life beautiful, and thy death enviable. Oh! may the lesson taught by thy example be not utterly in vain. May those of us who were in former days thrilled and swayed by the potency of thy voice as it rang out "with no uncertain sound," but pure and clear, as Truth, and Right, and Humanity were advocated by thee within these walls: may we now, to-night, feel within our inmost hearts as we listen and catch the utterances of the "still, small voice" whispering from thy soul to ours, sweet as the melody of far-off silver bells—a yearning for the better things, a longing after more substantial good, which, coming to us, shall "improve and elevate our character, give us proper conceptions of our capabilities for good," and lead us onward and upward to a more close communion with our God and Father.

The labors of our brother are ended—he has gone to his rest—we cannot recall him—we can only mourn our loss and cherish his memory.

He was, emphatically, a self-made man: he wrought out his own destiny. With no unusual advantages of early education, he yet, with unfaltering faith and intelligent zeal *worked*. He became a most thoroughly informed man. An enthusiast by nature, he loved with passionate ardor to study and analyze political and humanitarian questions: his acquaintances ranged through all classes of life and shades of politics, and it is a crowning glory of his character, that he greeted as warmly and cherished as dearly, his shop-mates of old, as he did Senators, and Governors, and Cabinet Ministers—all of whom were glad to number him on their list of friends.

Yes, our brother's life-work is done—his destiny fulfilled—and he has gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Thank God! he died bravely, and met his fate—

"Not like the quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon: but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust * * * * *
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The following extracts will indicate in what estimation our deceased brother was held by those outside the Order and with whom he has been thrown into intercourse. As significant parts going to make up a character possessing so much that is worthy of emulation, they deserve a place in this our brotherly, monumental record (and the only one we can at this time erect) of our beloved dead :

From a private Letter to Mrs. Tucker, written by Chaplain Proudfit, of 2nd Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

CITY POINT, VA., July 2, 1862.

In accordance with the request of Col. TUCKER, I write you a few lines. As you are aware, no doubt, until recently this regiment had never been in action and had thus been almost entirely exempt from the distressing casualties of war.

On Friday last, however, the 1st New Jersey Brigade was ordered to Woodbury's Bridge, over the Chickahominy, there to meet Gen. Porter's Division. Six companies of the 2nd regiment were, at that time, on picket duty, under Lieut-Col. Buck, in the advanced rifle-pits of our lines. Colonel TUCKER led out the remaining four companies with the rest of the Brigade. From Woodbury's Bridge, our Brigade, with several others, was sent to engage the enemy near Gaines' Mills.

Our troops were soon engaged ; they fought bravely and long, but unsuccessfully, owing to the thick, bushy character of the country, their unfavorable position, and the overwhelming superiority of the enemy's numbers.

Under the gallant lead of Col. TUCKER, the soldiers, both officers and privates, of the 2nd New Jersey Regiment, honorably sustained the historic reputation of their native State. Though greatly outnumbered and flanked by the enemy, they were the last to leave their portion of the field.

All accounts agree in ascribing to Colonel TUCKER, particularly, signal courage, discretion, and self-forgetful attention to the welfare of his men. But the exhibition of these qualities only made him a more conspicuous mark for rebel bullets. Some disorder commencing under the severe fire of the enemy, he endeavored to rally his men about their colors. Just after, or while waving his sword and loudly calling upon them to stand by their flag, he was wounded in the side. Several sprang to his assistance, and began to bear him from the field. But the cruel foe, not regarding the disabled and suffering condition of a wounded man, or the errand of mercy in which his friends were engaged, made the little party a special target for their fire. Lieut. J. W. Root, one of the party, was wounded in three places. A moment after, Col. TUCKER was again wounded, and exclaimed, " The cowardly fellows, they fire on wounded men." Then, perceiving that his wounds were mortal, he told his attendants to leave him and save themselves. They,

however, persisted in bearing him forward a little further, and at length laid him down near some bushes, remaining during his last moments. These were very few. Soon, exclaiming, "My God! My God!"—with a gasp his spirit passed away.

On Saturday morning, the enemy then occupying the field of battle, I endeavored to procure a flag of truce, intending to obtain Col. Tucker's body and forward it to Newark for interment, but under the existing circumstances, our commanding General thought it impossible to send such a flag, and I deferred the execution of my purpose. No opportunity has yet occurred.

(From the Newark Daily Mercury, July 5.)

DEATH OF COLONEL TUCKER.

A rumor that in the late battle before Richmond Colonel ISAAC M. TUCKER, of the Second New Jersey Regiment, had been killed, reached this city on Thursday afternoon, but was generally discredited. On Friday, however, the rumor proved to be but too true, his name appearing prominently in the list of killed and wounded, and letters giving details of his death being received and published. The effect of this intelligence in the community it would be difficult to describe. It fell upon thousands with the power of a personal affliction. Few men among us were more widely esteemed than Col. TUCKER. Of most pleasing manners, possessing the highest order of intelligence, and exhibiting in all his intercourse with the world the truest instincts of the gentleman, there was no man anywhere whom he did not esteem it a pleasure to serve, and no man, consequently, who did not regard him as a friend. For at least ten years past, though comparatively a young man, he had been influentially identified with the politics and public movements of the State, and there are few, among our most eminent citizens, whose judgment and ability in the wide range of political operations, were his superiors. In 1856 he was a member of the State Republican Executive Committee, and both in his official and private capacity, rendered important service to the cause which he so loved. Before the formation of the Second Regiment—surrendering a lucrative practice at the bar—in June, 1861, he was elected as Lieut-Colonel, being subsequently promoted to the Colonelcy on the retirement of Colonel McLean. With his men, he was most popular: and as he would have chosen, he fell at the head of the command which he had so carefully and laboriously trained to fight for the principles of nationality and Union.

Not only here, but throughout the State at large, the news of his fall upon the field will occasion deep and profound sorrow. But he fell in a holy cause—in the day of the nation's resurrection to a better and sublimer life, and in the annals of this war he will be immortal. May God soothe tenderly the hearts, from which this blow has rent away the stay and prop.

(From the Army Correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser.)

HEROISM OF THE "JERSEY BLUES."

IN CAMP, NEAR JAMES RIVER,)
July 5th. 1862.)

The 1st New Jersey Brigade has at last been baptized in blood. New Jersey has lost many of her sons, but they died fighting bravely: they died like heroes—let our little State mourn its loss.

Col. I. M. TUCKER, of our city, was, I regret to say, killed in the action. He fell severely wounded at the head of his regiment, while rallying his men, and as he was being carried from the field was again shot, and fatally. He was being assisted from the field by Lieut. J. W. Root, who was severely wounded by a shell while doing so. Col. TUCKER's praise is on every tongue, and his regiment is inconsolable at their loss. He was cool, calm and brave as a lion, and almost his last words were, "Don't mind me, boys, but go ahead and give it to them." I met the Colonel just before he entered the woods with his regiment, and shook hands with him. He was perfectly collected, and smilingly said, "Things are rather hot in there, and I think some of us will never come out, but the Jersey boys will do their duty." Poor fellow—he died a soldier's death and merits a hero's name.

THE LATE COLONEL TUCKER.

The New Brunswick *Fredonian*, speaking of the death of Col. TUCKER, says: He was a true patriot, and went into this war under the high impulse of duty. His services to his regiment were most valuable—he being ever active and laborious in training his command for the important part it was to perform on the battle-field, and the behaviour of the men on that trying occasion was his best eulogy. He fell, as a soldier should fall, with his face to the foe, urging his men to rally around the banner of their country, and protect it from the assaults of its dastardly enemies. Green may the grass grow over his noble form, and his example be ever kept prominently in view by all gallant souls. His death will certainly long be mourned by all who knew him, as we did.

Much more might be added—less we could not say in justice to our brother, and to our own feelings:

"Our dead are like the stars, by day
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

For death his sacred seal hath set
 On bright and bygone hours ;
 And they we mourn are with us yet,
 Are more than ever our's ;
 Our's, by the pledge of Love and Faith,
 By hopes of Heaven on high ;
 By trust, triumphant over death,
 In immortality."

Resolved, That while we mourn, most sincerely, the loss of our brother ISAAC M. TUCKER, our sadness is mellowed by the reflection that he fell at the post of duty.

— That to his afflicted widow we offer the true, genuine sympathy of fraternal hearts ; who know by their own sorrowing, something of the deep suffering she is now experiencing ; and measuring her grief by our own, we feel that for the consolation she needs in this hour of bitter trial, she must look alone to Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and "in whose hands are all our ways."

— That the Charter of this Lodge and the Chair of the P. G. be draped in mourning for the period of six months.

— That this memorial be entered upon the Journal of the Lodge, and a copy thereof, under the Seal of the Lodge and signatures of the N. G. and Secretary, be forwarded to Mrs. Tucker.

JAMES D. CLEAVER.	<i>Committee.</i>
B. B. DOUGLAS.	
THEODORE A. ROSS.	
FRANK R. FORCE.	
WM. STAINSBY.	

The Committee appointed under the second Resolution, having in charge a public tribute of respect for the memory of our deceased brother, made the necessary arrangements by inviting Brother JOHN Y. FOSTER, of Protection Lodge, to pronounce the Oration, and the Choir of the Third Presbyterian Church to perform the Music—the Rev. Dr. CRAVEN, Pastor of the Church, officiating in Prayer.

The services took place on Friday evening, July 25, 1862. An immense audience was in attendance, who manifested by their close attention and reverent demeanor, the high respect and warm love of this community for the fallen hero. The edifice was chastely hung with appropriate emblems, the beautiful banner under whose folds he died being intertwined

with the mournful sables of grief. Over the pulpit hung a beautiful wreath of ivy leaves and white blossoms, emblems of Immortality and Hope.

At 8 o'clock the brethren of the Lodge, with delegations from the Grand Lodge of Southern New York, and from Paterson, Jersey City, Trenton and other places in this State, entered the Church in a body and took their seats in the middle aisle pews—the front seats being occupied by a number of officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, now in this city, among whom was Lieut. Root, who was severely wounded while assisting COLONEL TUCKER from the field. There were also present several invited guests of high distinction in the Order.

Passed Grand Master DAVID CAMPBELL, presided over the exercises, which were opened with some feeling remarks by him; a chant by the Choir was then performed, after which Rev. Dr. CRAVEN offered an appropriate prayer, followed by the singing of the following invocation, written for the occasion by P. G. BAILEY B. DOUGLAS:

Almighty Father, God;
Before Thy throne we bow;
With this infliction of Thy rod,
Thy grace, oh Lord, bestow

Our hearts in sorrow bleed
By thine affliction sore,
Thy promises oh Lord, we plead,
They are forever sure.

Be Thou the widow's God,
Be Thou her shield and stay,
And spread thy mercies, all abroad
Her life's now darkened way.

Give her to feel Thy love
In all that thou dost do;
Oh may she on this heavy cloud,
Of promise see the bow.

Make us oh Lord, to learn,
By thy mysterious ways;
Our hearts to wisdom now to turn,
And number too, our days.

Oration by Bro. John H. Foster.

It is with no idle thought that I address myself to the duty your partiality and kindness have devolved upon me to-night. I feel that we stand in an august presence—the presence of a life sanctified by martyrdom to high and holy duty ; exalted, and in its influence and example made immortal in the very hour its mortal pulse was stilled. I feel, moreover, that this is a solemn time—a time, in whose heart-beats the life of liberty and humanity is being measured in majestic rhythm—in which upon every loyal soul is laid the burden of a nation's fate ; and it befits us, in so grave a time, to walk with reverent steps where the Father leads us, and contemplate with profoundest earnestness, the providences He orders—the duties they evolve.

We come to-night to record, in this holy place so familiar to him living, our feeble tribute of respect to a friend and brother, dead—to testify before the world of the grievous loss we have, as Odd Fellows, and as citizens, sustained. Yet, friends and brethren, I shall pronounce no panegyric upon the departed one. ISAAC MILLER TUCKER needs, at my hands, no eulogy. “None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise.” His life is its own eulogy—his death was a panegyric of more than epic grandeur. I have, therefore, but briefly to sketch his association with our Order, his services in the field, and then interpret, as best I may, for our mutual profit, the suggestions of this occasion.

The connexion of the deceased with our Order dates from the 11th day of March, 1846, when he was initiated as a member of Protection Lodge. Taking from the first the liveliest interest in the Order, he rapidly advanced from grade to grade, until in December, 1852, he passed the Chair. In July, 1854, he was unanimously elected the Representative of Pro-

tection Lodge in the Grand Lodge of this jurisdiction, and in the following year was chosen as the Representative of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey in the Grand Lodge of the United States, being again elected in '57 by the Grand Encampment of this State as her Representative in the highest Assembly of the Order. At the session of the National Grand Lodge in 1858, he was appointed by the Grand Sire as Grand Marshal of that body for the year 1859 and 1860; and in that capacity he had in charge, at the celebration of the 4th anniversary of the Order, observed in New York city, April 26, 1859, the largest procession ever seen, perhaps, on this continent. During all this period, in which the highest honors of the Order were worthily conferred upon him, its interests were steadily sought to be promoted; and we feel that we, of all men, have a *right* to mourn his loss and to exalt his name in the eyes of all around.

But it is not alone or mainly as an Odd Fellow that we think of our dead friend to-night. It is as the true-souled *patriot*, giving his life unto his country, that we chiefly love now to remember and do him honor. But even *this* aspect of his career we may only view in hurried panorama, two views presenting its commanding features:

On the 27th day of June, 1861, the Second Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers, 1,000 strong, Lieut-Col. Tucker in command, broke camp at Trenton, and under direct orders from Gen. Scott, left for Washington. It was my privilege and good fortune to accompany them in their journey. All the way from the Delaware to the Potomac, their progress was one continuous ovation. In the Monumental City especially—and I record the incident in this connexion because it involved in it an illustration of the resolute character of the deceased—the reception of the Jersey Blues was magnificent in its enthusiasm. The Regiment reached that city on the morning of the 28th, but a few hours after the arrest of Marshal Kane, and the discovery of secreted arms on his premises. Not forgetting that Massachusetts' blood still freshly stained its pavements: that treason loitered still with shotted gun and whetted knife in all the purlieus of Pratt street, Col. Tucker, a little distance without the city limits,

had ordered his flank companies to load their pieces with ball cartridge—resolved, that if attacked, the Regiment should defend itself to the last. No Regiment, it should be here remarked, had for many days *marched through* the city, but Col. Tucker was determined not to steal under cover of the cars, and the protection they offered, to his destination. The men were disembarked, the line was formed, the music broke into a merry peal, and with firm and steady mien, the Regiment marched out into the crowded streets—hailed everywhere with rapturous acclamations—cambric welcomes waving from balcony and window; smiling faces, with now and then a scowling visage peering through, brightening all our way. Every man of that brave thousand rejoiced to follow their leader where so few, since that dark April day, had gone; and all felt, and justly too, that in the hour of peril and of death, he would not falter nor turn back.

How fully our brother realized, in his brief career, this thought and expectation of his command, I need not here pause to show. It need only be said he was the brave and faithful soldier ever, and met a soldier's death with a soldier's royal fortitude.

On the 27th day of June, 1862, the Second Regiment, lying at Gaines' Farm, on the Peninsula, was ordered to a post of danger, strongly menaced by the enemy. Four companies, under command of Col. Tucker, advanced boldly into the breach. Soon the battles' roar and death engulfed them. Fiercely, and in the flush of triumph, heavy masses of the foe dashed against their weakened columns. But nobly they stood their ground, meeting with unblanched faces the tempest of hail and fire. But still the masses of the foe pressed in upon them on every side. Then it was, that in the very mouth of death, our friend and brother signalized the real heroism of his soul. In the very thickest of the danger his form appeared—and above the diapason of musketry and cannon, *his* rallying-cry was heard. And then it was he fell—fell in front of his command—bravely offering his life on the nation's altar—fell, with the battle's din around him—the old flag flying still above him—fell, his face to the foe, as he had wished to fall, if fall he must.

But one little year from that hour in which death came to him amid the glare of deadly strife, at the head of his command—with drums beating and bugles playing, and standards gaily flying, with a wifely kiss fresh upon his lips, he had marched out from camp with face turned Virginia-ward. Then, from unnumbered voices, rapturous acclamations pealed upon the air. Now, with a ruthless foe pressing hard upon him, with life ebbing—with no time to speak farewells—hardly with time to sob a snatch of prayer—the soldier has found death and immortality on the field whereto he came with exultant hope and nerved for any fate.

Few men in the army of the Union have made greater sacrifices in quitting the familiar scenes of home for the tented field, than Colonel Tucker. Enjoying a social position occupied by very few of like age and antecedents; prominently identified with all public movements of whatever nature: possessing in a rare degree the power to control men and parties; successful in every rightful ambitious aim of his life—with a career of usefulness and honor spreading out invitingly before him—it was to him a sacrifice, indeed, to drop every tie, surrender all the fondly cherished purposes of his life—abdicate the possibility of civil elevation and preferment—and, with his life in his hand, enter upon scenes entirely foreign to his habits. No man loved more than he the *use* of power for proper ends—the applause and esteem of his cotemporaries—the enjoyments of familiar pursuits. But he rightly discerned that all honors must pale in a time like this, before that the defender of his country wins; he felt it was his *duty* to go to the field: it was a *conviction* penetrating all his thought and feeling that community had a *right to expect* of him, and others like him, a prompt and hearty response to the nation's call. In that conviction, he left all—friends, home, everything—he girded his armor on, stood in his lot as a brave man should: and to-night we have his memory only, with these badges of a mourning that not yet is comforted.

But, my friends, there is a higher than a personal significance in the services of this hour.

The thought which this occasion especially suggests un-

doubtedly is this, that the prosecution of the war against Rebellion involves a fearful sacrifice of property and life—incalculable injury to all material interests, with wide-spread exhaustion of the vital forces of society and the State. We have already convincing evidence that a revolt so formidable and defiant,—so murderous and infernal in all its instincts and aims—a revolt whose capital criminality is in its assault upon constitutional suffrage—can only be subdued by measures the most terrible and deadly—by fire and sword, through sufferings and desolation such as, perhaps, no later century has known. How many orphaned ones, walking through the coming years, will bear in their lives, stripped of their foliage and bloom, the scars this war has made? How many fathers, how many mothers, marching with solemn pace to the land, up yonder, whose hills are white with tents, will mourn the dear son fallen in life's sweetest prime? Upon how many door-posts, the red finger-print will shine in the eyes of coming generations: in how many grave-yards, upon mouldering and moss-lung tomb-stones, your children and mine, wandering thitherward, hand-in-hand, in golden summer-days, will read this epitaph and prayer: "Here lies one who gave his life for his country—may God's Angels roll the stone from the grave's mouth away, in the day of His coming." Yes, this war is making bloody havoc, in saddest truth, throughout our land. Its scythed chariots roll with maddest fury and unrestrained velocity, everywhere. Over all ranks and conditions of society, its baleful shadow sweeps. None can escape its calamitous influence—no interest is exempt from its desolating touch. Commerce no longer floats her argosies in every inland sea and river, making all our harbors vocal with cheery sailor-songs. Science no more explores in forest depths or Arctic seas for treasures the world has, through all the ages, been searching for. Art no more interprets in chiseled column and on speaking canvass the thought and outbreking life of aspiring peoples. The busy hands of labor, far and near, are prone and still—the loom and spindle, the adze and saw and chisel—all these are hushed in silence: and in shop and factory doors the spiders weave their webs all undisturbed. War is abroad in the

land; Death and Desolation are treading down the dearest interests and affections.

Now, inevitably because logically, the enquiry which arises from a contemplation of these fearful desolations is this: Is the stake of the conflict worth the price we are paying? In order that we may answer intelligently and wisely this grave enquiry, we must understand perfectly *what it is* we are fighting to maintain. And as a means to this, it will not be improper to address us for a moment to a consideration of the principles and the structure of our Government, and the *animus* and purpose of the men who seek its destruction.

The study and effort of the great and good of all times, and of all the systems of civil polity that ever warmed the world with a single ray of freedom, has been *to secure, under the sway of law, the persons and properties of the people*. The Government of this Union is the highest and broadest embodiment and expression, which has yet been given, in any age or country, to this grandly humane idea. It is constructed essentially upon the principles that only by the restraint of *each* from doing injury to *any*, can the safety of *all* be secured. In it the people themselves are imaged, and, as it were, epitomized. Every citizen is a constituent in the aggregate of responsibility and authority. However complicated our system of public polity, it is all rooted in and branches from the trust of the people—the trust of powers which they have granted, to be returned in protection. This, summarily stated, is the theory of our Government, and it is plain upon mere inspection, that the Government is, and must be, as indestructible as the people themselves.

Now, this rebellion proposes the establishment of a principle which would necessarily be fatal to our existence as one composite nation. The American Union represents the constituent sovereignty of *all* the States. In it, every State is in itself—whether normally or not, we will not stop now to consider—a sovereignty in the exercise of absolute jurisdiction and authority, save over a certain class of subjects, which it has surrendered and given Congress the power expressly to control. Each State is secure in the enjoyment of perfect

freedom and independence, being subject to no restraints that are not wholly self-imposed, while, at the same time, over all, the national authority in its oneness, is, in all that concerns the nation's self, independent and supreme. The grand idea of nationality,—of inhering, original life in the State—underlies our whole structure of Government. The thought which was in the Father's hearts when, to escape the evils of the Confederation and "establish a more perfect Government," they formed the Constitution, was this, that the Union being the sovereignty of the People chrystalized, was a perpetual principle, competent always,—nay normally and necessarily endowed with *the right*, to protect its own existence, and to put down with a strong hand, all turbulence and faction, all revolt and insurrection, in whatever form appearing. They never conceived it to be possible that the People would rebel against themselves, seeking the annihilation of their own sovereignty—forming their only and exclusive protection against license and oppression. They believed, and they were right, that the central authority of a Government resting in the affections and the interests, and consolidating within itself the rights of the people, would be sufficient to maintain the nation's life, however formidably menaced; and herefrom it arises that so absolute is the freedom of every citizen that, in so far as any restraints it imposes are concerned, he may live for years without in his personal experience, save only in the protection he enjoys, realizing that we have any Government at all.

This, then—the sovereignty of the people—respect for the rights of *every* citizen, with the idea of inherent nationality, indissoluble and perpetual—forms the basis of this Government. But the theory, for sixty years, of Southern politicians has directly antagonized this of the Fathers. They hold that each individual State is absolute—complete in all the functions of nationality—owing no allegiance to the Union conflicting with its actual or imagined interests *as a State*; that the relation between it and the Union is in no actual sense imperative or perpetual, but may be dissolved whenever the State may elect to resume so much of its sovereignty as it may have abdicated: that in one word, their allegi-

ance is due first to the *State*, and only secondarily to Federal authority, and then for such time only as it may itself determine. This, we say, is the theory of the South, and it needs no argument to show that this theory is a standing menace to the liberties and franchises of the people. Indeed, it is already proclaimed in Secessia, that "the right to govern resides in a very small minority; the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind." *Debow's Review*, the recognized exponent of Southern aristocracy, explicitly avows that the aim of the insurgents is to establish propertyed restraints upon the exercise of the right to vote, and to build up an Aristocratic class, in which the chief power shall be lodged. "To make an aristocrat in the future," says this organ, "*we must sacrifice a thousand paupers.*" Even from Southern pulpits, this same doctrine is announced. Says a Charleston Divine: "The source of all infidelity, vice and national demoralization is attributable, in a great measure, to the looseness of the Declaration of Independence, and the existence of its natural out-growth, the absurd doctrine of universal suffrage."

It certainly cannot be doubted, in view of these declarations, that it is primarily, this principle of hostility to the power and rights of the people, and to that element of sovereignty which knits all the States into one, that the men in revolt propose to establish. It is easy to perceive that their success upon the doctrine that a State may at will secede from the Union, would be fatal to the Republic and the sovereignty of the people. The triumph of this sentiment, would present to the world the spectacle of people abdicating the right to live, and practically *invoking* the horrors of revolution. It would lead, inevitably, to a process of disintegration, in which our nationality would be as utterly and hopelessly extinguished as the glory of the old Republics, when they split into factions and discordant cabals. Instead of forming, as in the present, a great constellation of States, revolving around the central orb of Constitutional Liberty, we would crumble, hopelessly, into chaos,—the weak falling victims to the stronger—Lust and Passion seizing from the hands of Sobriety and Reason the symbols of Authority, and

Oppression writing on all its altars, in characters of blood, the mournful epitaph of a nation self-destroyed.

Now it certainly can need no argument to determine that a stake substantially involving our own existence, and all the rights and issues proceeding from it, is worth the vastest aggregate of values possible to be accumulated. Life, no less to the nation than to the individual, is the organic necessity for whose satisfaction all things, within human reach, will be given. To save it, to sustain it, at whatever amount of sacrifice or of suffering, is a primal duty no less than an elemental instinct: and we may therefore assume, without any logical elaboration of the suggestions of the case, that the life of this nation—the vindication of our menaced integrity—is worth all the terrible price we are paying for it in this day of suffering and carnage.

There is another aspect of this subject which should not be overlooked in a consideration of the significance of the present struggle, and our duty in reference to it. While it is sadly true that this unhappy conflict is weakening all the foundations of social tranquility and order, demolishing in a common ruin its private and corporate interests, and supplanting the holiest and most sacred impulses of benevolence and love by the fierce antagonisms of section and of faction, it is equally true that in this experience there is nothing novel or unnatural. As a people, whatever may have been our prosperity, however profound our peace, in the past, we had no right to expect an exemption from the casualties and afflictions common to all national growth and expansion. No people whose eminence has been sufficient to engage the historian's pen, have ever altogether escaped the ills of war and bloodshed. In all ages of the world, it has been through the gaps and seams and rents which the sword and scimitar have made, that God has poured upon mankind the blessings of expanded knowledge and a higher civilization. This American Republic, from whose royal arches traitor hands seek today to pluck the Keystone, was reared through years of suffering and strife, its every stone baptized in blood and tears. Indeed, our marvellous growth and progress as a nation may legitimately be said to be chiefly due to the stern disci-

pline our character sustained in the beginnings of our history—a discipline which inculcated a love of freedom and humanity, taught us the value of the homelier virtues, and especially dignified in our eyes man *as* man, without reference at all to adventitious circumstance. Through the sufferings, the chaos, the embarrassments from which we emerged at the formation of the Government now assailed, the national character was compacted and knit together, the sturdiest virtues and loftiest humanitarian graces being woven into its texture. In that long struggle, all crudities and dissimilarities before existing, *were* melted down and removed; we were molded into one solid, homogeneous people. But in these later years, forgetting the principles of the father, worshipping Mammon rather than Truth and Duty—ceasing to care for principle, but pursuing, day and night, worthless self,—we have grown materialistic—have suffered stalwart wrongs to grow up in our national life—have mocked at human rights, and made sport of the weak, and now God comes to us in the thunder and the whirlwind, shaking down the strongholds of our pride and ambition, shivering the altars where we have burned incense to the gods of this world, and stirring to their lowest depths the currents of our national life. This, we repeat, is the exact method by which the Almighty has, in all ages, roused earth's besotted peoples to a perception of their duty and their errors,—causing them to walk amid the ruins of their prostrated ambitions, that they might see there is a higher standard of living than any man will institute or maintain. Especially in the earlier ages were most striking illustrations afforded of this Divine disciplining of the nations. Who—standing amid the desolations that overwhelmed the Roman Empire, when the Northern barbarians, in resistless irruptions, laid waste all its borders, would have supposed that out of these very desolations a new and better civilization would arise, and be carried to the far ends of the earth, appearing, as the years went on, in new and vigorous nationalities, in whose veins flowed no drop of the old corruptions? In that day when Attila had overrun all the plains of Italy, the civilized world seemed sinking into savage barbarism and decay: religion, literature, and the arts,

seemed crumbling never again to rise. Yet, God was in the tempest, and from this very chaos, He raised grander and worthier States,—commonwealths whose stateliness and power for centuries stood the amazement of the world. Rome, once omnipotent and pure, had ceased to be worthy of respect; her manners were corrupted—her literature and religion were debauched by superstition; genius, liberty, virtue, had altogether ceased; all things had become venal; the race was steeped in corruption. There was no hope or possibility that upon the foundation of Roman life and culture, a gospel civilization could be builded. Therefore, from the heart of countries unknown to this degenerate people—from the North and East and South, with great tumult of arms, innumerable hordes of barbarians rushed in impetuous masses over the land, driving the people before them in dismay—overturning nation after nation—first beating down the gates of Rome, then bursting over the ramparts into the affrighted streets of Carthage, pitilessly destroying the wrecks of Rome, thither flown for refuge—then desolating Gaul, leaving a trail of blood and fire behind them everywhere. But in all this destruction, unconsciously to the scourging barbarians themselves, there was method and order, for from the ruin a new world was to emerge. The great catastrophe of the annihilation of Rome as a nation, a work of years, was accomplished by the operation of causes which had been gathering strength and force for centuries. And when the winds of God had scattered the dust of the countless armies of Alaric, Genseric and Attila, around the few feeble pillars of the old nationality which remained, God grouped his gospel-builders, under whose genial touch a new civilization gradually arose, which, broadening and deepening as the years went on, became at length paramount and supreme, compelling a world to respect its authority and power.

We need not, surely, point to the history of other nations, or to later times, in further illustration of our postulate that every people, commissioned of God to perform some part in His economy and administration, must expect to endure, as their assessment of benefits to the common treasury of man-

kind, the perils and disasters of strife and war. It is only through toil and privation—in the midst of dangers the most absolute, demanding the assertion of all their energies, that a people can comprehend and develope their real strength, or learn to respect the Divine impulses of our nature. And thus we can readily discern that this war is by no means an evil without compensation. It may swallow up our best beloved,—it may open graves in the very paths in which we walk—it may fill the land with mourning, but still, up from its ghastly furrows, a harvest of good will rise, which, if not ourselves, our children will, in coming years of recompense, joyously gather in.

That, in this aspect of this subject, we should rather rejoice than sorrow over the sufferings we are experiencing, must be obvious to all. No one will pretend that we did not *deserve* the chastisement that has come upon us. Yet, deserved as it is, our very punishment, in the yearning love of the Father, is made a means of elevation and improvement. With all our frailties and shortcomings, He yet *dignifies* us as instruments for achieving results involving the benefaction, not only of ourselves, but of the world at large. Certainly to any higher altitude than this it would be impossible for any human soul to aspire! In the grandest disciplinary Providences which the century has known, we are directly God's servitors, doing immediately His office-work;—*that* is the verdict which is passing into history of each and every man who in this conflict does his duty with fearless soul. Thus, every mother who gives her darling—every wife who, with a kiss and blessing, sends her husband to the field;—every sister who gives a brother, every child who gives a father, is a contributor to the Grand Result which God purposes to mature, out of these troubles and alarms. And through all, since the peril and the suffering *reach down* to all, our character as individuals and as a nation is being radically purified and exalted: we are learning the *value* of our institutions and our liberties—we are growing up to the highest standards of duty and of citizenship: we are learning to reverence, not the forms, but the *soul* of our civilization. We are fighting the battle of Freedom and

Humanity—are vindicating anew, on *our* battle-fields, the truths of all the ages which the rebellion menaces with destruction, and the essential dignity of the cause attaches necessarily to our personal character and efforts, clothing us with a halo whose radiance shall shine far down the coming centuries.

It is true, undoubtedly, that we cannot with propriety interpret the purposes and doings of Divine Providence ; but this general principle is indubitable, that “out of evil, God still and uniformly educes good.” However dark and mysterious His plans, by whatever sufferings and trials of mankind, He advances His purpose, that purpose always contemplates His own glory and the highest good of His creatures. We may, therefore, unhesitatingly assume that all these present troubles and afflictions tend to some glorious *end*, and that also, our cause is approved and favored of Heaven. From the very outset, there have been the most marked and conspicuous Divine interpositions in our behalf. What was the disaster at Bull Run but a blessing in disguise ? And what a signal Providence was the flood of the Potomac immediately thereafter, preventing a movement by the enemy against the Capital of the Nation, and forbidding the possibility of a raid, (while our army lay panting and helpless about Washington,) into Maryland, so long coveted by the victorious foe ? And again, in that famous naval combat in Hampton Roads, what a striking Providence was the appearance, just at the pivotal moment, of the little Monitor, whose exploits not only saved the Federal fleet, but revolutionized the whole science of naval architecture and coast-wise defences ? We need not enumerate the instances in which the Almighty Arm has been signally revealed in our defences ; it is enough to say that these interventions have been the marvel of the War ; and it should solace and strengthen our hearts in every hour of disaster that the God of our Fathers has, indeed, spread His shield over *our* heads in these days of carnage and peril.

These facts, my friends, in the suggestions this occasion especially presents, may be accepted as satisfactorily proven. That the suppression of revolt involves a fearful expendi-

ture of life and property: that the stake involved in the conflict is worth the price we pay: and that this cost, or penalty, if thus you choose to call it, is but a natural condition of our being as a people—a legitimate and inevitable contribution we, in common with all nations of the world, must make toward the general fund of human growth and happiness.

But, in the present attitude of national affairs, to which it is eminently proper in this connection to refer, the question naturally thrusts itself before the mind: *Can* this rebellion be suppressed, and the Union reconstructed upon an enduring basis? This, we say, in view of late events, is a question of paramount interest and importance. In its *consideration*, we affirm, primarily, that the suppression of the revolt is *essential*—essential alike to the stability of society and the domination of civilization itself. We affirm next, that because we believe it to be essential, it will, in our opinion, come to pass.

We believe, also, that the rebellion will be reduced, because, negatively, it is impossible for the revolted States to withdraw from the Union—the entire question being subordinate to fixed and immutable laws: these being physical and geographical disabilities to separation, which are no more capable of removal, than the Alps can be quarried from their base with a wisp of straw. Contemplate for one moment the difficulty of division. Who, in case of separation, shall possess Washington? Who shall fix the frontiers? Will the inhabitants of the vast and sturdy West, of those States which form the basin of the Mississippi, Missouri and the Ohio, give up the navigation of those essential avenues, or consent that New Orleans, sitting by the mouth of the imperial Father of Waters, shall belong to another—a hostile country? Can any man believe that this great American Republic—whose power reaches to the remotest ends of the earth—whose influence measurably shakes the policy of every civilized nation—with a territorial expanse nearly ten times as great as that of Great Britain and France combined—three times as large as the whole of France, Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland and Denmark, togeth-

er; of equal extent with the Roman Empire and that of Alexander—whose resources and ability *may* embrace a continent—will consent to be deprived of its Southern frontiers, its ports in the Gulf—of Louisiana, of Florida, of Texas, which we bought with a price? Can any one believe that, once divided, it will ever be possible to adjust accounts with an insolvent neighbor, establishing a tariff of damages due for Federal property, for repudiated debts, and for reciprocal sequestrations? To separate North and South, it would be necessary, as one has said, to draw I know not what indefinite line through the loyal and the insurgent States—across rivers, and mountains, and railways, and canals, and inland seas,—every point of which it would be necessary to guard by a customs-officer and a soldier. Who believes, thus divided, the two sections could ever be at peace—that border strifes, and savage, relentless retaliations could possibly be avoided? No, my friends, separation is impossible—the organic life of a nation embodying the people's sovereignty cannot thus be destroyed or dismembered.

But, this is merely the negative side of the question. We answer, *positively*, to the question whether this rebellion can be suppressed, that it can be and it will be. Leaving theory altogether aside, what is the fact? It is precisely this that, up to the present time, we have subdued the rebellion at every point *save one* against which we have, in full earnest, directed our forces. We *have* subjugated, not communities merely, but entire States. The South to-day is sealed hermetically against the world. Practically the Federal authority is already restored in every one but five of the revolted States, and these lie at our mercy. We may safely, therefore, affirm that the Union *can* be re-established. Not that Union in which, for long and weary years, debauchery and crime—oppression and injustice—sat in gown and powdered wig in all places of authority—not that Union in which mousing politicians have mocked the people, crucifying with demoniac rapture the saving principles of Virtue, Intelligence and Truth, and the profligate Ambition of pompous Mediocrity has pushed its way over the wise and good into eminence—not that Union in which, by inexplicable perversions of its

intent and object, the Government has been employed, not for the good of all, or even of the majority, but for the benefit of the Few—not *this* Union, but the Union as the Fathers formed it and meant it ever should be—the great support of Liberty in the earth—a nation full of all the precious influences of justice, enlightenment and religion—gathering to itself from all the centuries the good, the truth which neither martyrdoms nor scourgings could destroy—*this* Union *will be*, must be re-established. And this is the lesson of this hour, that in the work of its final restoration, *we* are to stand, each man firmly in his lot, enduring sacrifice, privation, death itself, if need be, for the nation's sake.

The nation is to be saved—*our* duty is to *aid* in its salvation. Not upon a few, not upon a class, but upon all, equally and alike, the work depends. And to-night the cry is. Fill up the ranks, fill up the ranks of our armies everywhere. From far battle-fields, the blood of dear ones fallen calls to us to bear forward, on *our* shoulders, the cause in whose defence *they* died. From hospital and camp, where our heroes lie maimed and beleaguered, the appeal is heard: "Come to our help, oh, Brothers, that Liberty may not be slain in the house of her friends." That appeal is to *you* and *me*, and it is the cry not of a brother only, but of the nation, in deepest agony. Let us see to it that we heed it and obey its summons. If we cannot go to the field ourselves, let us find substitutes who can. Let the rich pour out their wealth—the poor give their mite—all *give or do* SOMETHING for the country's sake. *The nation must and shall be saved.*

Some hearts there are that shrink and falter under adverse fortune. *Why* they should consider *this* an hour of gloom, we cannot see. It is rather, as it seems to us, the dusky twilight through which the full-orbed Day is to rise and shine. There are grounds of hope to-day we never had before. We fully comprehend, at last, the magnitude of the Revolt with which we have to do. We realize fully the necessity of measures imperiously stern and unsparing—that it is not by soft phrases and gloved hands we are to subdue the vaulting spirit of turbulence and insurrection. Hitherto we have failed altogether to recognize the deep intensity of hate and

malignity with which we had to deal; have fed the monster of rebellion with syllabub, rather than with leaden physic. Now, seeing that pelting this infernal crime with grass has been of no avail, we mean to see what virtue there is in stones. Now we go in to conquer peace, order, obedience on every foot of our soil. Henceforth, the traitor, wherever found, must pay the penalty of his treason. No longer must federal bayonets protect the comfort and estate of the disloyal. The march of our armies in the hereafter will be to the music of freedom, and behind them as they go, twenty millions of resolute and determined souls will throb with deathless purpose. There is new ground for hope, we say, in this resurrection of the nation from the indolence and partial comprehension of our duty, which has hitherto characterized our movements. Employing for the suppression of rebellion all the elements of strength God and nature have placed within our reach—with augmented vigor and a uniformly unsparing policy, success must in the very nature of the case attend our efforts, since, precisely in the proportion *we* increase our strength, the power of the insurgents must gradually diminish,—the zenith of their ability being already reached, and henceforth, without accruing resources, liable with each passing day, to be more and more exhausted.

Let no one, therefore, be discouraged. The sun is shining still upon the mountain-tops. We read in sacred story that in the exodus of Israel's oppressed and weary tribes from the land of Egypt, they one day came, with heat and travel o'er-labored, to the Red Sea shore, and there, lay down to rest. Thus far upon their way they had come, all undisturbed and triumphant. But as by the river's rim the wearied bands lay at ease, suddenly, a cloud of waving spears and banners appeared along the distant sky. In pomp and martial pride, with columns dun and swarthy, with chariots and horsemen all unnumbered, Pharaoh pressed down upon the fugitive and affrighted tribes. What wonder that, as the truth dawned on their thought, despair filled every heart, that

“The faint and weary train,

Red from the scourge and recent from the chain,”

with straining eyes looked everywhere for some outlet of es-

cape! From bondage and death, they had come with joyous and exultant hearts, dreaming all the way of liberty; now, suddenly, the oppressor's arm is again stretched out against them, and all seems lost. But, even then, God's eye was on them, and His Arm deliverance brought:

"The man of God

O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs from his holy feet;
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that leap
Down pass the host—a slippery way and steep—
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread.
The beetling waters storming 'bove their head—
While far behind retires the smiling day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray."

So in the darkest hour, deliverance came. For

"From Edom's coral strand

Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand,
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is tumult—a dark and turbid deep—
Yet o'er those seething waves what murmurs passed.—
A mortal wailing swelled the mighty blast—
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The *groans of Egypt* to Arabia's shore."

Ourselves, my friends, are pictured in this scene of Heber. As did Israel's bands of old, so we, panting with the heat and burden of desperate battle, lie now by the brink of *our* Red Sea of Tribulation, seeking rest. Flushed and strong, the foe is pressing down upon us. We remember from what evils we have in the past escaped—to what land of Promise, bearing the world's hope blazoned upon our banners, we are journeying; and fear assails our hearts, overshadowing and oppressing us. But still, God is over all,—still He holds wide open the crystal portal of deliverance. In His own good time, He will part the waves that we may walk through them with triumphant feet, to the green land beyond, from whose lofty heights, it may be, we shall see our foe engulfed and swept away in the blood-red waters wherein they hoped to extinguish, forever and forever, the lights of

virtue, of civilization and of freedom, borne up of us in our armies' van!

So to-night, with hope still shining upon our banners—appreciating as we should the value of the stake for which it is our privilege and prerogative to contend—thankful that we are permitted in a time so full of grandest impulses to act our part for Freedom and Humanity—thankful that it has been ours to give a friend and brother to the nation's cause, we set up here a white stone to the memory of our dead, and go forth unto the work that awaits us. We know there are seams and rents in the quivering life of the nation, but we see as well that God is sowing in them, as in furrows, new elements of strength and vigor. We know there are many dead lying, unshrouded and uncoffined, on ghastly battle-fields, but we do not forget that in other years our children's children, living in the perfect freedom these spent lives redeemed, will gather daises from the ashes of these lost ones—that no human life is ever vainly spent in a holy cause; and *that* contents our souls. We feel, especially, here to-night, that one is missing who shall never come again to his old familiar place: whose genial smile shall never flash again its sunshine over any here: whose kindly courtliness of character and mien shall never more, here on earth, win homage or applause. We know there is a home where a widowed one bows through weary hours before a picture on the wall, whose eyes still speak with kindest look: that there are lives in whose bending boughs the singing-birds of Joy and Peace shall sing no more forever: we know all this, and yet, if we choose to lift our eyes heavenward, we shall see the "orient gates" still wide ajar,—the bow still lifting its starry arch above them. There are graves, indeed, but there could be no resurrection without them: there are losses, too, but there are gains as well. It is written that a cannon ball in the Crimea tore its destructive way through the ranks of the soldiers, and covered the plain with the dead and dying: but it buried itself at last in the hillside, and opened there a clear spring of water, to slake the thirst of the perishing battalions. So every shattering blow of this sad war, only causes some new spring of joy, somewhere, to break forth:

from every wound, it may be, some healing balm will flow. Let us mourn not, therefore, over dear ones fallen. Along the royal road of Duty, *they* have marched to glory, while we are still loitering here, on dusty ways. Let *us* be up and doing. God and our country call. Over the sapphire walls, the shining Immortals lean, beckoning us to duty—bidding us through blood and sacrifice, to come up thitherward. Let us, men and brethren, be on the march, to join the company.—the martyrs and heroes of whatever age, who through great tribulations have won the crown. In the field, our sons and brothers are standing bravely and with unfaltering faith, for Liberty and Law. Challenged of disease, and pain, and death, they stand yet inflexible and stern. The surges of oppression and revolt beat against them, but still like massive sea-walls, immovable they stand. Be it ours, to fill *our* lot as courageously and faithfully as they. Be it ours to keep bright and clear upon every altar the fires of Liberty and Truth. So, when these our heroes come flocking homeward with their scars upon them—with their torn and blood-stained standards fluttering above them—when Peace at last shall be proclaimed from every throbbing belliy in all the land, and the ravelled nation's life shall be gathered up again, we, one and all, may fitly join in the nation's jubilee, coming with song and timbrel to celebrate *our* triumph. So, the stone being rolled away, indeed, from every grave this war has made, the Angel of God, descending, may rest upon it, while from the heights their valor won, all the ascended ones may look down upon the work in whose achievement they earned the recompense of a nation's love and a world's applause.



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